ACROSS THE WAY.

- Just then the lary ribboned curtain parted,
 And Jenes—you know him—forty it a day!
 Locked out and gripped, while I smiled b
- Ta historica yanes who lived across the way;

 o takin wy yision bright, so and and delgam,
 And all my nellow morning dream to kill,
 Man who writes jokes at so much a column,
 Wha'd think that ha'd have daisies on the sill;

FROM LONDON TO EDINBURGH

The Story of a Sentimental Journey.

BY MRS. OLIPHANT.

for once." I do you a good turn, Mary, by makin ator" asyn't see each other for a long time again," . "and I don't think I have half thanked

ast.
"Oh. Fredi don't say that! Though I'm glad to
ear you asy it all the same. It wasn't for that I
eiched you to wait. Fred—! saw come one on the
lattern whom I could not bear to meet. That's
hy I want you to atay with me till the tar

Who was it?" Oh? don't ask me. It was—a mau I

anger said, in a low "You are not going!

was very civil, very kind, not thrusting pon her—ready to do whatever she might the real behavior of a friend. Ho iong visit?" he said.

emember."

—as this was. It is atrangs
o twice over. It is against
could scarcely believe my
its morning."
dinburgh," she said, to give

very pleasantly," she said; "I

to the Falconers for the w morning, too!" longer than the night if I

.tired."

n—and then the train atood
onfronted by friends who had
and a carriage to take her to
had to drop saide before this
her up. He dienppeared, she

ng was that he knew her Annt Cleg-where she was going, almost as well

THE ADVANTAGE OF BEING EDU



DION BOUCICAULTS WIT AND WISDOM.

Characteristic Extracts from the Most Popular Works of This Famous 'Playwright

FLASHES OF IRISH HUMOR.

Gems from "London Assurance," "The Colleen Bawn" and Others

sets nothing. -(w, now; don't it? Civility to a lawyer t and eightpence? xx—Whet'e that on your shoulder? -it's a boulster belongth't o my mother's

"LAVE YOUR WIDDY TO MR!"
ANNE-And how am I to get home?
Mills-If I had four lags I wouldn't az

Father Tox—Let us go inside, Myles. I've a wo to easy i've. BILLES—I've lost the key. Father Tox—Sure it's stickin' inside. Myles—I alwaye lock the dure inside and lave here when I go ont for fear of losin' it.

KTALE—They'll drown him.
Minse—Niver four! He wasn't born to be
drowned. Hs won't sink; he'll rise out of the
world and divil a foot nearer to heaven he'll get
than the top of the gallows.

Mriss-Take the Colleon Bawn wid all my hes Iam like the boy who had a penny-to mi in a poor box-Id or taker keep if or mysail. It's down, she'll come up overy year fresh and gr foreninst ys. When yo cease to love het gray to become ye, and when ys dor die late your money the poor, you widdy to me, and we'll both forgi

PRAISE FOR THE COLLERN DAWN.

Then there is this famous love song in honor

Oh. Limerick is besutiful, as everybody knows. The river Shannon, tull of Seh, beside that city Sewa. But it's not the river nor the Seh that preys upon mind.

Nor with the town of Limerick have I any fault to find.

The girl Llove is beautiful—she's fairer than the dawn.

She lives in Garryowau, and she's called the Collec-

Eawn. As the river, proud and bold, goes by that famed city. So, proud end cold, without a word, that collect go by me. Oh, if I was the Emperor of Russia to command, Or Julius Casar, or the Lord Lieutenaut of the lead. I'd give up all my washth-my manes—I'd give up

army, Both the horse, the fut and the Royal Artillery; I'd give the crown from off my heed, the people on their I'd give my figet of sailing ships upon the briay eges.
And a begger I would go to sleep, a happy man at dawn
If by my side, feet for my bride, I'd the derling Collect

In "Old Heads and Young Hearts" there are also many clever passages. Take these for example.—
LITLIKENTO—Character is indispansable to servant maids, but virtue as a word is obsolute; we have nieded, a French word like it, vriz, year-laddes of verter might signify articles of ravity. Gold again maguetic attraction for every oxidinal virtue, while all the plagues of Egypt are shut up in one English word, and that is poverty, the whibtion of which, like that of the gorgota head, turns the hearts of your LADY ALGOTA ANYGO.

ROCKET-My opinion is that a submarina battery attached to the keel of the vassel and exploded cnesion. Pompion—Bless mei had Gny Fawkes lived e times what would become of the House of

Lady Attonated by Annilly Foodle.

Lady Attonated by Our-your-bas, hal-your protestations to made, that's true! I forgot-ob,
Lattragen-Eged, that's true! I forgot-ob,
hand, allow me to express at the same time my wild
adoration of Your Ladyship in the abstract; it's a
fearum annil of mine! LITTLETON-I don't think there was a foo

Sif Harcourt—Tell me, Cool, at what time was he need last night?

Coon—Haif past nine, Bir Harcourt.

Sir H.—Haif past nine; Beautiful! What an

original ideal. Reposing in cherub slumbers whils all around him teems with drinking and debauch-ery! Primitive sweetness of nature. No pilot costed, bear akinned brawling!

Max.—Tra a plain manhad always speak my mind.
That's in a face or figured 'Does a Grecian nostransported by the state of the state of

hix.—I thought that the first Lady Courtly sureited you with beauty.

ne by running affattering.
The test of the second s

et have, been a great balm to your

Max—Do you know him?
Daztzs—Ob, initimately. Distantly related to his familty; same arms on our esculchoon—empty purse falling through a hole in a—pocta; motio, required in pace, which means, let virtue be its own reward.

Own reward.

COURTIN-Dazzie, Dazzie, will you excuse an impertinent question, but who the deuse are you?

DAZZIE-Crially. I have not the remotest idea.

ALLI-MOW, sit?

ALLI-MOW, sit?

One thing the world to answer. One thing I can rouch. Nature made me a gentleman—that is, I live on the best that can be precored for credit, I newer spend my own money when I can oblige aftend. I malways thick on the winning for farther perticulars inquire of any atting magistrate.

The Date of the poor of New York.

RADORS—Feruha, Ann't it could play the bands on my etomach, while all my chivering anatomy would apply the bones.

In "The Shanghraun" Bouoleault is probably seen at his best, as the following extracts will shoundarily prove:

CLARE—One on now, Mrs. O'Keily, and mind your own beatman. Do you think I'm not equal to makness.

MRs. O'K—I's yourself can make the butter dome. You have only got to look at the milk and the butter will rise.

CONN'S THRESLEVUL.

FATREE DOLAN-Didn's you promise me that you rould leave of abrink?

CONN-I did, barrin' one thimbieful just to take the creeily ont of the weather, and I've kep' my word.

word.

Farmer D.—Kepl your word? Didn't I find you ten days ago strotched out as drank as a fiddler at Tim O'Mulley' wake?

Cors.—Te did, bad inck to ma!

FARMER D.—And you took only on a thimbletail and the took only on the world hars it, there was only one thimble in the place, and that was at alion's thimble and thay conidn't get it full! No, begorra; but they got me full intent

Kincher.a—That black wir disguises you com-plately, and now that you have shaved off your great red whiskers your own mother wouldn't

passey, and passey, and passey, and passey, and passey, and passey which was the wouldn't; the next time I want home a he beltad me wid the poker. But if the people round here enepected I was Harwouldn't surviva of me a piece as big as I left in the mouth of that divil of a dog!

Mrs. O'K.—Is that yourself, Conn? Cons (aside)—I wish it was somebody else that had book larnin'. Mrs. O'K.—What have you thers? CONN—I'ls a letther the masther is afther writin'

CONN-Is as accessed to ma.
Mrs. O'K.—What's in it?
CONN-Tuppenes was in it for postage. '(Aside.)
That's all I made ont of it.
Mrs. O'K.—I mane what does he say in it?

Mrs. O'K.—I mane what does he say in it?
CONN—Rada you know I can't.
Mrs. O'K.—You know I can't.
CONN—Oh, you ignorant old woman!
Mrs. O'K.—I know I am: but I took care to send
ou to school, Coun, and the surpence a week it
out to school, Coun, and the surpence a week it
out to school, coun, and the surpence a week it
out to school you will be suppence a week it
out to school you sow, tell me what the young
ack. Bnt. come now, tell me what the young

you to school, Coun, and the suppance a week it to soot me was plunched out of my stoment hand off my sack. But, comes now, tell me what the your Cours (saido—Murther, what'll I dor (Aloud, Now mind, it's a sacret. (Reada) Collee costinm granaha caravat sellbubu luckif rastuck plg.

Mor of the State of the state of the said of the cost of the cost of the said of the cost of the said of t

Mrs. O'k.—No, mas; savy scoogs, and have sensible;
Biddy (a professional monraer at Conn's wake,
after drishing from the slug of younch beside herp—
Hs was brave, he was open handed, he had the
(Conn lakes the ing, empires it quietly and, nnobserved by all, replaces it,)
BIDDY—His voice was awester than the slackbird
at ther a summer shower and softer than the
oracted of an avaning.

RHYMES BY HERALD RHYMSTERS.

THE SHERIFF OF CERO-GORDO.

"Speakin" o' obstiffs, just you wait!
We've got the best ons in the State!
You'll find alim round early and tate
To "ill find alim round early and tate
And it shall ret one that we meet
On Core-Gordo's single sizes!
Is not the Sheriff, then I'll treat—
The fault's nob hie!"

Was all commotion.

Our friend, who seemed to be the "bosa, Eald:--"What's the matter hara, old hoe The one addressed seemed at a loss To tell his grief.

A tell his grief.

The sharper seemed has "The sharper seemed has "For know ye, "bosa," our Sharler's dead, Shot by a thlet!"

Shot by a thief?"
"You've got the thief? Wall, he can wal
Until the Judge can fix his fale—
I mean Judga Lyach, the magistrate!
The sail-sam ropa
The sail-sam ropa
Bhall drag this villain through the fown
Shall drag this villain through the fown
High up the alope!

"Stranger, look here! we're in a far!
We knowe a heap o' politica!
And there's no rock for drills and pic!
That we haint blasted!
But when it comes to Bibla truck
We're always driftin' onlo 'lack;
For that's a ledge we never struck!
We're dawsys driftin' only

O' brother Beecher!
"We're glad you're not, twixt you a
For ministers are apt to be
Too high for minors ench as we
Lown in tha drift.
Although there's lots wa ainners n
Our bearts are bigger than our cre.
But each as on some Christian deed
Wa'll work our shift!

"The Sherig, sir, was brave and squi The seery fact he ddn't swear Would sort o' recommend him there, if you would say it. Now if you'd tell the Lord a faw O' hie good pints to help him through We'll gladly do as much for you! Expense—we'll pay it!

Your commendation!
"Hi tail ye, atranger, just you say,
He warn't a Snaday saint, no way!
But take his average, day by day,
Ha'd clean up wall.
Bome low grade mines pan out the r
tut whether on the other shore
They judge arm as we judge ere
je heard to tell.

"If we an only get him through.
The pearly gates I think he'll do!
Of course to see and
At dist he'll find the scaphing.
A first he'll find the scaphing.
A little office the scaphing and the sc

For comfort green.
I'd got him up, but grew parplest
To know what course I'd follow next:
Tried to recall some pleasing test
I'd leave him has the throne of grace,
I'd leave him has the throne of grace,
E'en if I know he ran a race
Hurrying to the other place
O'd dark despair,

Of dark despair.

I couldn's send him down to dwell!

To speak the truth, I couldn's tell

If there was such a place as hell!

If there was such a place as hell!

If there was such a place as hell as a such a place as hell as a such a place as hell as a such as a place as the country of the such as a such

Ab, who would not some comfort say
Where faith and hops had lost their w
And when I said, "Now let us pray!"
The funct them kneeling:
Down on both knees, with hat in hand
Down on both knees in dirt and sand;
While nons but God could understand
How dasy their feeling.

How deep their feeling.

For not a single word was said.

But in the presence of the dead

Each bowed with his ancovered head

In dumb devotion;

At the heaving breach must not rob

The heaving breact of one faint sob;

Whole prayers went up with every the

Of their smotton!

God listane best when allence prays!
For measured word and rounded phrase
Of treed or cohlem.
While melting prayers dropped from their eyes
The despite Schettle to baydra.
But and the proper of the despite Schettle to baydra.
First Market of Schettle Sche

NIEUW AMSTERDAM. Time is ever silently turning over his pages, and such age is a volume thrown aside to be speedily forgetten.—

Weathgrea Irug.

Itigh in the dark gray vanit September's meen is shining;

Far past the mill girt church heaves the ctanded bay;

Low on Pavonia's hills one purple cloud, rectining, beems like a vanquished brave mourning his chief, the day.

oftly the straying winds—wards of aternal ocean— Tread on the clover carpet, with the ripe peaches toy; Swing on the locust branches, whisner th

calling. Winging his heavy say home to his boweris nest, While in each healthful cot sparkling eyes are fall-

ing. Safe in St. Nicholas' kesping, into a hardy test. cost in the leafy shade wrapping the Maiden's Valley (Hard by the 'haunted Collect, splashing with ghostly care), preaming of days to come, burgher and maides daily.

ght is the tavern's glow, swaet is the careless laughter s in the foamy flagous Orange's Prince they toast.

st. the drifting smoke under the blackened ione is the peaceful eve-gone are the fartire

voiceaGone are the twain who vainly dreamed that
this love could last.
Over no seemted hills the ocean brease rejoices;
Locked is the lovely picture, safe is the keyless
past!